

THE ST. JOHNS HERALD

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We Want Y=O=U

to feel just as free to come into this bank and ask questions about the advantages of having a bank account for the care and protection of YOUR money as you would feel in going into any store to ask about the quality or price of a piece of goods.

No matter how small your income a bank account will help you to take better care of it, help you to accumulate more.

NAVAJO-APACHE BANK & TRUST CO.
St. Johns, Arizona

WEDDING BELLS

At the home of the brides' parents on Monday the 28th Inst., Mr. Lisle C. Updike and Miss Janet Jarvis were united in the bonds of matrimony by Bishop L. R. Gibbons, surrounded by many relative and friends who were present to witness the ceremony and partake of the light refreshments served.

Miss Jarvis is the estimable and popular young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Jarvis of this City. Mr. Updike is from Durango, Colorado and is well and favorably known here.

The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends here.

A grand ball was given at the Overson Hall in the evening in honor of the happy event and was largely attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Updike will leave this week for the Salt River Valley, where Mr. Updike will work at his vocation of photography. We have not learned whether this will be a permanent move or not.

At Ramah, New Mexico on Thursday of last week Mr. J. W. Waite, son of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Waite of this city, and Beatrice Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Connolly, also of this city, were married by Bishop J. E. Ashcroft.

The happy couple have the best of good wishes of their many friends here and at Ramah.

Thos. McNiel of Blawater, N. M. was here this week. He brought his son over to attend the Academy this winter. Mr. McNiel attended the Academy here when he was a boy in the early days of the institution.

H. J. Jones has completed his new residence and is now occupying the same.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sherwood are the happy parents of a fine baby girl who arrived at their home one day last week.

Uncle Zeke Hawkins' Letter.

Mr Editor:

It's the eve of election and all through the nation our rights are menaced to their very foundation; if Wilson's elected we'll go to the devil; if Teddy's the man, in panic we'll revel; if Taft should be It, our purses will cave in, so just to be safe, let's all vote for Chafin. Wilson's a crook and Teddy's another and as far as crooks go, old Taft is their brother. The Trusts gave a million to elect the Professor; the same bunch of Trusts is Taft's Father Confessor; they gave just as much to the Progressive Rebs. Come on and be game! Let's all vote for Debs! But they say Debs is crazy; his platform is hazy; if Chafin's elected, all booze is ejected. Now, Mr. Editor man, come through if you can and give us a plan that will help set us right in our horrible plight. We've got troubles galore and will soon have some more.

Now, Mr. Editor, your Uncle Zeke is not trying to pose as an amateur Walt Mason. There is absolutely no poetry and mighty little philosophy in his make-up. The opening paragraph of this letter is simply made up of a few classical selections gathered from some of the brilliant political oration that are being heard on every hand up here around Dry Creek. Every man in our part of the country is an unabridged edition of the encyclopaedia of political information and we have no cause to believe that any of them are supplying us with misinformation. In fact, we believe everything we hear about any of the favorite presidential candidates, and just between you and I, some of us believe a darned sight more than we have ever heard.

Your Uncle Zeke has been around more or less and has had some little experience as a human being, but he can truthfully say that he has never before heard quite so much 'viewing with alarm' and 'pointing with pride' and 'the paladium of our liberties' and the 'inalienable rights of the Sovereign American citizen' and a whole lot more such junk as can be found floating around loose in the atmosphere of Dry Creek right now. It's truly wonderful at the amount of oratorical spontaneity that is being 'wasted on the desert air'.

By the way that reminds me of some statistics that your humble correspondent has been gathering. I won't swear that they are right, but I know, from the care with which I have compiled them, that they ought to be right, whether they are or not. Here they are:

1st. If the amount of wind that has been spent on political oratory were used for that purpose, it would furnish sufficient power for seven million church organs for thirteen and a half centuries.

2. If the same amount of physical energy that is used up in political arguments were used in raising corn, it would produce enough corn to make a sufficient number of fat hogs to supply our ninety million citizens with bacon and lard for a period of eleven hundred years.

3d. If the time that has been wasted in political arguments for the last month were devoted to hard work, every single political arguier would have money in the bank and wouldn't give a continental darn who was elected, for he would have formed the habit of working for what he got, and that is, after all, the secret of man's success.

Now, to sum the whole matter up, what is it all worth anyway. You know, Mr. Editor, that if I were to argue politics to you for the next ten years it wouldn't change your views a particle. Isn't that true? If Jones were to talk to Smith from now until doomsday, trying to show him the error of his political ways, Smith, instead of being converted, would simply vote all the harder for his favorite man. Then, just as a plain, straight forward proposition, what's the use?

As little Johnny said in his composition 'That's all I know about politics'.

Uncle Zeke Hawkins.

Don't forget the spook party at the Overson hall tonight.

A new Blacksmith shop has just opened, look for the ad in another column.

T. R. Lee of the city of Nutrioso was a business visitor in the city one day this week.